

Two Poems by Misha Norland

Five senses of bliss

*Within, ever present, never dimmed,
 sound songs of eternity
 which heard in outward echo are
 bird calls, sea swell, and the beauty
 of music in our beloved's voice.
 Within, ever present, never dimmed
 shines the light of creation,
 which is mirrored in flashing eyes
 of man and beast, and in flames,
 in shafts of sunlight. Within, is the taste,
 sweeter than morning honey,
 of purest love, the spirit of bliss.
 Within are fragrances which find
 counterparts in evening blossoms
 attracting as sweetly as mother's breast,
 to which, as infants,
 we return in stillness of night,
 in imagination to find a warmth
 which has never been lost.
 Within is the softness, the homecoming
 for which we need not yearn,
 for the way forward is the return.*

I dreamed of the eclipse of light

*I dreamed of the eclipse of light, myself in deathward flight.
 There was no one to hear my stricken yell.
 Into deepest pit I plummeted, dismembering myself as I fell.*

The horror was in the severing.

*Now awakened and spinning like an eccentric merry-go-round,
 I considered the nature of suffering. It seems that I have lifetimes
 within which to cut off my attachments. Yet will I become
 light enough to reach the bottom without fatal fracturing ?*

*Holding to images of the past are the sources of the future,
 without this history all necessity falls away. Parent's conditional love
 and societies expectations are things which kill invention and dim
 the laughter of the free one who dwells within. And the nightmare,
 that dark house upon which we ride through landscapes
 half familiar and therefore half terrifying, is a therapeutic stage;
 a laboratory of remembering and dismembering parts
 within which our images are as actors who jibe and rage,
 until we are made lighter than a dusty sack of ancient bones.*